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A. S. WATSON & Co., Ltd.
THE HONGKONG DISPENSARY,
Hongkong 11th July 1888.

The Hongkong Telegraph

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1888.

Missionary proselytism in this colony lately evoked another device out of its immense stock of inventiveness, in the shape of free tracts offered to the public on suspended shelves, one of which may be seen under the Hongkong Hotel arcade, adjoining the saloon "blossed" by our popular topical artist. Passers-by are reminded of salvation in the midst of their daily turmoil of share trafficking, the fastidious of brokers who lounge about that neighbourhood being especially provided with that hourly *menudo-homo* which is sufficient to set them raving under the influence of a religious mania. The tracts we allude to are arranged in rows, on the box-tops is printed "Read and return," and the titles of these tiny specimens of religious "hash" are sufficiently orthodox to recommend them to the perusal of the saintly.

This new religious advertising concern is run by the Society for the Propagation of Faith. We have had hundreds of those tracts put in our hands here and elsewhere, and have invariably been satisfied, with reading only their title-pages, for a glimpse now and then at the contents has been sufficient to bring on a fit of mingled hilarity and disgust at the impudence of writers who pretend to condense the supernatural and superhuman into the scanty pages of a printed pamphlet. Missionaries and preachers of all denominations have from time immemorial prided themselves on their assumed power of inculcating religious principles into the minds of others, while their own minds and hearts have in innumerable cases been sadly void of all real religion. They work under the incubus of *formulae*; salvation or an eternal hereafter is to them a mathematical problem, the solution of which is presented in a duly formulated article of belief. What the deepest thinkers ignore, what the great founder of Christianity himself professed to leave undefined, what made Emerson and Carlyle, Montaigne and Pascal, and a host of other profoundly pious reasoners admire in silence rather than in words—this cheap salvationist brotherhood of tract writers and pulpit thunderers pretend to expound, and reduce to the evidence of a formula. To them all the mysteries of life and death, all the secret monitions of man's heart, his unbounded aspirations after the infinite, his inevitable love of truth, his whole moral and intellectual nature are reduced to a few ecclesiastical propositions as void of sense as they are high-sounding in words. Their universal pill for eternity is belief in their own particular creed, the various articles of which they undertake to expound to their hearers and readers with as much assurance of infallibility as if they were so many gods in human form. They do not state who made this universal panacea of a "creed," for if they revealed its origin, they would be sure to have all their hearers, arguing with them on the very fundamental assumption on which they and their nebulous dogmas stand. It being an understood historical fact that formalised or dogmatized Christianity is the work of the polemic writers who flourished between the second and the fourth centuries of the Christian era, in their self-imposed quarrels with the Gnostics, and various other sects which sprang from the amalgam of Judaism, Paganism and the Apostolic teachings of primitive Christianity, one would ask, what has this system of belief to do with the sublime morality, the self-denial, the unbounded sympathy and love of mankind which were the main points of the mission and life of Jesus of Nazareth? One ought first to find in the Creed or Symbol of the Apostles some injunctions of morality, of justice or of brotherly love, and then inculcate it as the essence of religious belief. Religious belief is as far from true religion as the human is from the divine, or as appearances are from reality.

It is precisely on this absence of solid principles that the tract writers and the missionary faith propagators build their work; with what success, it is easy to imagine. The world is getting too far in advance of the trumpery sophistries and shams of the Middle Ages. It is time the old Church trappings were pulled down, and the real, not the mock, psalmodying Christianity embraced and practised in real earnest. Hongkong is too wide-awake for these shallow missionary tricks. An eminently realistic colony, it aims at something tangible, and it practically ignores the so-called religious forms and appearances. There may be many among us who comply with the outer forms of religious worship to save appearances, but we feel sure their inmost souls kick against this slavery of the senses. In no other colony in the Far East has religious propagandism had a more solid footing than in the neighbouring Portuguese settlement of Macao; yet, look at the desolation which hangs over that apparently doomed possession! From morn to even nothing else is heard there but Church bells, and the palmy-day of priests in the temples. The whole colony, in fact, may very appropriately be reduced to three groups of buildings: the churches, the barracks and the cemeteries. Religion, or the appearance of the thing, rules the day, while gambling and immorality of the worst types are rampant. Is not that another glaring proof that religion of the Creed and the chanting type, the shadow not the substance, is not conducive to virtue and healthy moral and social activity and progress?

We sincerely hope that Hongkong will shake itself free from these fetters of ignorance and prejudice, which missionary proselytism, of the kind we have just referred to, attempts to enforce everywhere. In any case we strongly object, whatever may be our religious failings and shortcomings, to have forcibly thrust on us by some modern Balaamites an ungrammatically written tract, the first sentence of which assures us in dictatorial fashion that we are on the direct road to—Hades.

The sullen monotony which hangs like a pall over the Holy City of Macao will be broken to-morrow by that peculiarly exciting event—the election of a Deputy to represent the wo-begone colony in the Portuguese Parliament. Times out of number has the lethargic settlement shaken itself alive and tried to find in a suitable political representative at Lisbon the elixir of a new birth, or the pledge of better times to come. But its efforts, like its hopes, have invariably proved baseless and deceptive. A too implicit reliance on the resources and the good will of the mother-country, a belief that a deputy in the Portuguese Parliament is a colonial Saviour, a blind faith in Portugal's sincerity towards her colonies, have invariably been the sunken rocks where Macao politicians and patriots alike have invariably come to grief.

Our neighbours have certainly deteriorated from the stamp of men who in by-gone years were heroes of navigation and of conquest. Unlike their ancestors, they are in the habit of leaving their destinies in the hands of their grandmother, instead of looking after their own interests themselves. A second childhood afflicts Macao. A colony of over three thousand inhabitants is powerless to act for itself in matters concerning its own welfare; must appeal to Portugal and expect from her helps and aids which she does not possess, and consequently cannot give. There are proprietors and capitalists to be found in Macao with resources enough to form companies, to start shipping, mining or industrial enterprises of their own initiative; but they want budge; all their hopes are centred in their Deputy, whom they liberally pay, and who in return, laughs at them from his parliamentary seat, or obtains for them now and then a few decorations; as a sign of sympathy for a vain and apathetic constituency.

The future of Macao is gloomy and hopeless on the Portuguese horizon. All that Portugal can do for its derelict dependency is to burden it with incompetent military Governors, and with a constellation of fallen stars—veritable beggars-on-horseback—whose only ambition is to amass a few paltry dollars, marry perchance a Nephelococcygian hussy, or lead a life of "dolce far niente" at the expense of the local tax-payers. Portugal has no commerce to give Macao, any more than she has a capacity of disposing of or of distributing the commerce which Macao may give her. It is, for instance, a well known fact that Macao teas are taxed in Lisbon as foreign products, the article costing far less when shipped to England and thence re-shipped to Lisbon, than by direct consignments to the shores of the Tagus. What on earth induces the inhabitants of the neighbouring colony to be contented with the miserable *status quo* in which Portugal's backwardness has placed them, we fail to know. One thing,

moreover, is certain, and that is, if the colony is to resuscitate at all, its influential inhabitants must take to a line of healthy activity and energy; they must induce their parliamentary representative to act in unison with them, and they must not leave everything to the tender mercies of a decrepit mother-country.

TELEGRAMS.

(Reuter.)

HOME POLITICS.

LONDON, July 11th.
The District Council clauses of the Local Government bill have been abandoned.

RISING OF NATIVES IN JAVA.

There has been a serious rising of natives in Batavia. Several Europeans have been killed and wounded and some are missing. Troops have been sent to the scene of disturbance.

FRANCE.

M. Carnot presides at a banquet of provincial Mayors on Saturday.

THE TYPHOON.

The following telegram was received by the Acting Spanish Consul from Bolinao, at 7 p.m. yesterday:—

"The storm is still raging in the interior of the northern provinces of Luzon. It may recur towards the N.N.W., but this is not certain; when it reaches the open sea, its movements may be more definitely ascertained."

The Government Astronomer reports at 10 a.m.:

"The typhoon is moving slowly west-north-westward, but continues raging in northern Luzon. The centre appears to be situated south-west of Formosa. Bad weather may be expected in the Formosa Channel."

The aneroïd at the Hongkong Hotel registered at 4.30 p.m. to-day 29.38 deg.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

An Emergency meeting of Perseverance Lodge, No. 1165, will be held in Freemasons' Hall, Zeland Street, this evening, at 8.30 for 9 o'clock precisely. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

We are informed that the Service at the Peak Church to-morrow at 5 p.m. will be conducted by the Rev. W. Jennings, Colonial Chaplain, and that at St. John's Cathedral, at the same hour by the Rev. Bryant Wonnacott, Garrison Chaplain.

Two masters of junks appeared this morning before Mr. Sercombe-Smith charged by Inspector Mathison with anchoring their craft within 50 yards of the line of telegraph cable between North Point and Kowloon, on the 14th inst. On the charge being admitted the defaulters were fined \$10 each.

A VIGOROUSLY-WRITTEN pamphlet, entitled "The Truth About Our Navy," by "War Truths," has just been published, and is understood to be from the pen of a very distinguished ex-naval lord. Comparative tables of the various European fleets are given, and the writer boldly asserts that in all the first requisites of a navy the French are considerably in advance of this country.

THE three Chinese women who were charged by Inspector Swanton last Saturday with having a band in selling and buying a male child aged six years, came again before Mr. Wodehouse this morning. When Inspector Swanton told the magistrate he had received instructions to withdraw the charge. The defendants were accordingly discharged.

By kind permission of Major W. T. Ellis, and the officers of the 2nd Northamptonshire Regiment, the Regimental Band will play in the Public Gardens, to-morrow (Sunday), from 9 till 10 p.m. The following will be the programme:—

March "This town" Wood.
Overture "Fanny" Wood.
Selection "Lullaby" Wood.
Valse "Toreador" Wood.
All "Cavalier" (March) Wood.
Joye MARCH, Bandmaster.

THIS morning Mr. Sercombe-Smith sentenced an "earring snatcher" to six months' hard labour for stealing a gold pin from the person of a prostitute who was walking in Queen's Road Central, on the 13th inst. The complainant said she was sauntering along the road with a friend when the robbery was committed, prisoner came up from behind, seized the pin from her hair and ran away. The prisoner indignantly denied the accusation, "he was passing along quietly and happened to come in contact with complainant's umbrella; when she screamed; he ran away, as in duty bound, because he was frightened, and then ten people 'turned to' and chased him. On seeing the constable, he pulled up and allowed himself to be taken. In addition to the six months imprisonment, it was ordered that prisoner should be whipped on the breech with a rattan, fifteen strokes during the first month, and another fifteen on the fifth.

ELECTRIC light signalling by cloud reflection is being carried out at Symon's Bay by Admiral Sir W. Hunt-Grube, Commander-in-Chief on that station, who has been now for some years engaged in such experiments. The telegraph wire from Simon's Bay to Cape Town is supposed to be cut by an enemy, and an electric beam of 100,000 candle-power is directed against the clouds in a series of interrupted flashes, after the manner of a heliograph. It is found that the messages can be read easily at Cape Town. Following this, experiments were made by a vessel at sea from a greater distance at sea, with general success up to a distance of fifty miles, when a change in the conditions of the atmosphere occurs, and the signals can no longer be read. The Admiral has, however, established beyond doubt that his method of flashing signals from hitherto undreamt of distances is possible, although only under favourable atmospheric conditions.

In another column will be found the argument of the popular Comic Opera "Dorothy" which Mr. Willard's talented company will produce on Monday as their opening performance. We understand most of the seats have already been secured. For the convenience of intending spectators, a steam-launch will leave Kowloon Pier at 8.45 p.m., returning at 12.

WHEN cholera was raging in Naples in '83 a Doctor Rubino, on the authority of the London Times, cured 293 out of 300 people attacked, with the following medicine:—Spirits of wine rectified to forty-five degrees and as much camphor put in as it would dissolve. In case of the cholera being in the ho-se, everybody to take five drops three times a day—an sugar. If attacked, to at once lie down, cover well up and take five drops every fifteen minutes; in case of a severe attack, twenty drops every five minutes.

TO-DAY, a watchman was charged before Mr. Sercombe-Smith with neglecting his duty in looking after the godowns of Messrs. Arnold Karberg & Co. on the night of the 13th inst. Inspector Quincey said he had interrogated the defendant as to how the thieves could have taken away eight heavy bottles of quicksilver without his knowledge, at 5 o'clock in the morning, when it was broad daylight. At first the defendant said he was at the closet, and afterwards that he was asleep. In his defence to the court, the watchman said he had been in the employ of the firm for about twenty years, and that when he went to look at the door of the godown he found the lock had been picked. He passed the night in sitting down opposite the door, and in walking round the premises twice every hour. He did not go on duty before four in the morning, and started to go round the house; just at daylight, he found the door open, and then he woke people up. His worship remanded the defendant for a week, and took bail in two sureties of \$10 each.

THE Sydney Bulletin, in answer to several correspondents, thus fairly sums up the recent Chinese trouble in New South Wales:—The question arises: a Supreme Court in re Lo Pak and other Chinamen, resolved itself into an issue of Law versus Despotism, the N.S.W. Premier taking the part of despot. Those who say the Chinese should not have been allowed to land are wrong. They were already under the shadow of our flag and entitled to our protection. Just as they would have been amenable to criminal law. The Bulletin while yielding to no one in its sense of the necessity of bringing about a stoppage of Chinese immigration to Australia, trusts that the N.S.W. Legislative Council will never disgrace itself by consenting to indemnify the Government which denied to men, however humble, that protection which the laws that we ourselves have made give to all men of whatever colour or nation—it hopes that the Chinamen will yet be enabled to submit to an Australian judge and jury their claim for damages in regard to an outrage against the law made to protect and set free the meanest slave brought within its jurisdiction. To have laws which will give to every man, citizen or alien, the same even-handed justice—that is almost the only thing under heaven worth fighting for.

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter, and proved it—there was no matter what he said. When the China Mail asserted that cholera did not exist here, and never had existed, and never could exist, the result was pretty much the same. Fancy any newspaper—even a backwoods *Englewood Whizzer*—striking one day, that the Gaol is a hot-bed of disease, bragging a few days later about its moderation, and asserting that "the disease was never of an infectious nature," backing it up with all-round accusations against local, Japanese, Spanish, and other papers! It requires a very specious argument to reconcile several statements in the Mail's abortive *apologia* yesterday. It begins by expressing the opinion that no "good object" will be accomplished by wrangling now about who was most guilty of spreading alarming and sensational reports about the spread of cholera in Hongkong. Our readers will note the elegant English of the quotation. A few lines further, "Browne" in his attempt to show that the alarmist reports emanated from "a certain quarter" (meaning the Hongkong Telegraph) frankly admits that highly exaggerated articles upon the epidemic have appeared in the *Hypo-Neron* on the strength of a recent maudlin "Does the Governor know?" which the China Mail published. He admits that, and then asks its solitary subscriber to give him credit for having long ago pointed out "how prejudicial to the commercial interests of the port the spreading of such rumours was." Read that in conjunction with the impression the editor of the *Hypo-Neron* had formed from "The Barnacle's" lucubrations about the Gaol—"the prisoners are dying off like rotten sheep, under conditions that are disgraceful to every official in the slightest degree responsible." We need not reproduce more of these transparent, irreconcilable statements to write "Browne" down an ass. There is one point, however, where we are in accord with him. It is in connection with the detail that he ever called Sir William de Vieux "a silly croaker and shrieking alarmist," even in a Pickwickian sense. Of course he did not—no one ever read such strong language in the organ of goodwill all round. He then goes on to say "at the time of writing we were not thinking of it at all." Perfectly accurate, Browne. For unvarying ability to write "leaders" without a single mental effort, you stand unrivalled. The rule that there is no such thing as a perfect vacuum is proved by the exception in favour of the editorial brain-pan of the *Evening Post*. To paraphrase a Spanish recipe for making a salad, let us give one for a China Mail leading article:—"A spaghetti to give the abuse, a miser for the facts, a sluggard for the subject, and an idiot to write it." With these ingredients, and a few bewildering figures to lend an air of bona fides to it, our even-tempered contemporary has no difficulty in shoving the outlet that cholera, like strong drink, is raging, and concludes with the assertion that it never said so!

THE matinee held at the Circus this afternoon was well attended. To-night several alterations are to be made in the programme, and in all probability Miss Gladys Fretz will re-appear, her injured ankle being better.

THE London, Brighton and South Coast Railway is having its trains fitted with a system of electric lighting from a dynamo worked from the carriage wheels, in enlous automatic arrangements overcoming certain difficulties due to variation in speed. These dynamos change accumulators under the carriage seats, and from these come the lighting electricity. If this works well it will be a boon to travellers, who for many reasons detest a bad light.

THIS morning before Mr. Sercombe-Smith a house boy was charged by Mr. R. P. Apene with the larceny of two table cloths and other such goods to the value of \$20, the property of a complainant, who said he missed the things some time in June. On the 12th inst. the boy refused orders and ran away. When complainant first missed the things he told the accused, who had charge of them, that he must recover them within fourteen days, in default of which he would give him in charge. Chan Kan, a witness, said he kept a barber's shop in Graham Street to which, about two days ago, the boy came and asked permission to stay, saying he was out of work. Having no accommodation for him defendant went away, but left a bundle containing the missing property, saying he would call back for it. Complainant, on being recalled, said the boy went away in the sulks on being told to scrub the floor; this was at the middle of the month; his wages were not due till the end of the month. In his defence the accused said the articles were given to him by another servant, who ran away before him because he lost some money which had been given him to pay for provisions, defendant knew they belonged to master, but he only took charge of them till the other boy returned from Canton which would be in about two months. His Worship sentenced the defendant to six months' hard labour.

THE following very amusing paragraph is from the pen of our "Pepper and Salt" friend of the Sydney Bulletin:—In a back street of a neglected Melbourne suburb, where the washing is hung out on the window-sills and goats predominate, an old woman with a face like a venerable public wrong is engaged in mopping up the blood-stained field of battle with a malodorous cloth, and removing boots and human hair from what was once a happy home. The house where these evidences of carnal concussion are strewn about is a small one, and was at one time occupied jointly by Thompson and his wife and by the newly-married Smith, but now the Thompsons are scattered afar upon the heaving sea of life, and Smith is severed from his childhood's haunts. For 12 months the two families lived together in harmony and borrowed each other's furniture and things affably and without prejudice; in fact, Thompson borrowed nearly everything that Smith possessed in the world, and Smith took a temporary loan of Thompson's entire assets, and the ladies hung their washing out on the same line and feigned their supper-bec in the same big jug. But at last Thompson became possessed of a baby, and then he seems to have become cold and reluctant, and to have viewed Smith with an unfriendly eye; and when that gentleman went in to abuse the Government, as usual, he treated him with indifference and merely said "go-go" to the infant. He also manifested a reserve about lending his furniture to Smith any more, and thus an estrangement gradually arose and spread until it covered the landscape. Smith ceased to drop in on Thompson, and made remarks through the keyhole instead to the effect that the baby was bawdy and had a cock-eye, and he would remark casually that if he ever had a red-faced offspring with a long horse countenance he would drop it down a well or leave it at the fountaining hospital. Then, when the child raised a reverberating cat-chorus in the hours of darkness, he would come out on the landing in the snowy robes of night and curse something awful, and advise the happy father to lie on top of it till it was quenched. Thus the coolness between the two families increased and multiplied till at last one evening the misunderstanding came to a head and burst. Smith had just been remarking that the pride of Thompson's heart was a pigeon-toed and chicken-breasted plague, a mental, moral, physical, and anatomical wreck, and a public nuisance, and had offered to sell it to a wild-beast show, and had stated that his father was a Chinaman and his grandmother, a lady who had got twelve months for stealing a ham, and that the rest of his ancestors had either been hanged or had broken stones for a living, also that Mrs. Thompson's feet turned in, and that her head sloped back so that a club would glance off her forehead and wreck a public building—but at this moment Thompson flew out and rushed straight into Smith's eye and nose. Then Mrs. Smith landed Mrs. Thompson on the ear with a pound of steak, and sailed in, and the two ladies ate each other's hair. In the scene which ensued the furniture was thrown about at random, the supper trodden into the dust, the blessed baby was split upon its head and lay wailing with one foot in its mouth, the clock was wrecked against Smith's features, and the springs went whirling all over the rooms and got tangled up with the performer's feet, and Thompson's dog bit Smith in the spine. The neighbours broke in just here and quelled the riot, and sorted out the lunatics, and the landlord arrived a minute later and summarily ejected the whole crew. Thompson balled a yan in the gloaming, and put into it one frying-pan—the only article in his house which was not reduced to undistinguishable smash; and Smith departed for new quarters dragging his furniture behind him. Possibly they may never meet again on earth. The silver cord has been snapped and the golden bowl dropped out of the window, and the sweet blossoms of friendship have been hoed up with the implement of violence and animosity. Also, there is a whole window which is the house.

DOROTHY
A COMEDY OPERA AT THE
CITY HALL.

ARGUMENT.

Act I.

In the hop-gardens, which surround the inn belonging to old John Tuppitt, the chatty folk of the neighbourhood of Chancery Hall, in the county of Kent, the property of Squire Bantam, are enjoying themselves on the morning of an autumn day, in the middle of the last century. The picking is a busy over, and the pickers are looking forward to the feasting and jollity which, thanks to their good-hearted old landlord, their labour is to end. Dorothy Bantam, the Squire's daughter, and Lydia Hawthorne his niece, are not sorry for an opportunity to put off their hoops and furbelows and join in the festivities. They arrive on the scene just in time to find that Phyllis, the Squire's daughter, has rashly promised to marry Tom Sherwood, a wretch of the village, and that, no warning of theirs will induce her to alter her mind. This is not at all what they like; for Dorothy and Lydia not only preach that woman should remain free from the fetters of matrimony, but they practise what they preach, and have sworn to remain single. It is possible that Dorothy's determination may arise from the fact that her father has already settled her wedding lot. If she marries anyone she must marry Geoffrey Wilder, Squire Bantam's nephew and heir, for the old man has set his heart on the match. But she has never seen her cousin, who has been living a pretty wild life in London. As luck will have it, however, on this very day Wilder, with the bailiffs at his heels, on his way to his uncle's house, compelled by the pressure of debt to cry "peccavi," and consent to Squire Bantam's terms, arrives from town, and, with his friend Sherwood, pulls up at Tuppitt's inn for refreshment for themselves and ready for the hooks, which have been put to their best speed in getting out of the way of a certain Sheriff's Officer, Lurcher by name, who has been close on the heels of Geoffrey all the way from London. Dorothy, ever ready for fun, takes advantage of the dresses in which Lydia and herself could hardly be recognized, even if her cousin knew her by sight, and passes herself off as Lydia off as Dorcas and Abigail, Tuppitt's daughter. Wilder and Sherwood are impressionable, and the charms of Dorothy and Lydia take such an effect that the plan of substituting the uncle is given up, even at the risk of a lawsuit. Dorcas takes the place of Dorothy in the matrimonial schemes of Mr. Geoffrey Wilder. At this moment Lurcher, the Sheriff's Officer, overakes his man, having got over the obstacles with which the fugitives have endeavored to stop him. Wilder, determined not to marry Dorothy, has a scheme by which he thinks he can get the money from his uncle. Lurcher would listen to no scheme if it were not for the fact that he has aroused the indignation of the villagers by having written an old woman of the neighbourhood. Wilder saves him from a ducking, and in return he promises to help in the scheme, and to join the two gentlemen in their visit to the Squire's house that evening. Meantime, the attractions of her cousin have had a considerable effect on Dorothy; and Lydia, since she has seen Sherwood, is by no means so certain about perpetual spinsterhood. But, to test the value of the earnest protestations of their admirers, Dorothy gives her ring to Wilder and Lydia her ring to Sherwood, the ladies saying from the gentlemen the promise that they will never part with them.

Act II.

A dance is being given by Squire Bantam to his neighbours. The festivities are going on merrily, when a servant announces the arrival of a stranger. This is no other than Lurcher, who, disguised as the Secretary of the Duke of Berkshire, has come to announce the breakdown of his Grace's carriage in the neighbourhood of Chancery Hall, and to beg the Squire's hospitality. The Squire wishes for nothing better than to receive a member of the aristocracy into his house, and Wilder is urged, in accompanied by Sherwood. The two gentlemen do not recognize the ladies in their powder, and Wilder makes an express stipulation with his friend that he is not to be bothered with his cousin Dorothy. As the evening goes on the charms of Lydia have a serious effect on Wilder, while Sherwood is at Dorothy's feet. And an opportunity soon occurs for Dorothy to show Lydia what a base and faithless thing is a man, by inducing Sherwood to give her up the ring which he had given her in the morning; while Lydia, with Wilder at her feet, has no difficulty in giving possession of Dorothy's ring. Meantime the night has come, lights are put out, the guests retire to rest, and in the dark Wilder, Sherwood, and Lurcher proceed to carry out Wilder's scheme. Cloaked and masked, they rouse the Squire's attention and pinion him. At the same time Sherwood binds Wilder. The scene is soon moved by the Squire's outcry, but, when the guests reappear, everyone is astonished to find that the robbers, whoever they are, have taken none of their host's money. The Duke, however, has not been so fortunate. His money-box is empty. To allow a guest to be plundered in his house, without making good the loss, is what the old Squire cannot permit, and, after some little hesitation, his Grace accepts as a loan the amount which is stated by Lurcher to be missing, and which happens to correspond exactly with the amount claimed by the Duke of Berkshire. The early dawn sees the maid along with the hounds—for the Squire starts his late autumn day, now and then, with a gallop after a cub—and while the ladies retire to their broken slumber, the gentlemen get ready for a morning's exercise.

Act III.

The Act opens with the wedding of Phyllis to Tom Sherwood. The bridesmaids and groomsmen come to fetch her. And now Dorothy and Lydia are going to see what is the real value of the protestations of their unfaithful swains. Wilder comes with the Duke of Berkshire, and Sherwood with a returned Duke and Abigail, and have written to withdraw their pledges of the night before to Dorothy and Lydia. In reply to their letters, they have received a challenge from two young gentlemen, who are prepared to call them to account for their conduct to Miss Dorothy Bantam and Miss Lydia. Hawthorne; and the two ladies are waiting in Round Copple to find out whether the men they have chosen will prefer a duel to giving them up. Lydia is nervous about the pistols, but Dorothy reassures her. They have brought their own pistols, which will only be loaded with powder. When, however, their adversaries arrive, it seems that they will have to use the pistols which those gentlemen have brought, and which will probably contain bullets. It is with a not entirely unmixed feeling of satisfaction that they hear that the gentlemen decline to marry Dorothy and Lydia, and are prepared to risk their lives for the sake of Dorcas and Abigail, so eventually light seems to be the only way out of the difficulty. The Squire is on his way to the old oak in Round Copple, where Tom and Phyllis, who have been married, come for his blessing. Lurcher has betrayed the plot. But the Squire is ready to forgive everything if his nephew is ready to marry Dorothy. And eventually the old gentleman has his way. Dorothy marries her cousin, Lydia marries

Sherwood; and the awkward circumstances under which Dorothy's ring found its way to Lydia's finger, and Lydia's ring on Dorothy's, are overlooked, for each lady knows that her lover was ready to die rather than marry her friend.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE CHOLERA.

Deaths from cholera are not at present so numerous as they were, but we have no assurance that the coming on again of the rains, or on the approach of atmospheric and other conditions of which physicians appear still to be ignorant, the disease will not again appear, or that it has quite done with us for the summer. Sanitation must still watch and work. The Governor's address to the Sanitary Board regarding cholera, penned by His Excellency on the 26th June, but which was not made public till the 5th inst., shows clearly to what an extent this alarming disease is still misunderstood by the medical faculty of the world. Strange as it may seem in these days of discovery, it still appears to be a fact that medical science is yet a good deal in the dark regarding a pest which falls on frail humanity with such a simple yet often terrible and sudden attack. Here we have a highly educated and thoroughly experienced Governor of a British colony, with a dozen experienced physicians and doctors to consult, as to ways and means of meeting the deadly disorder—and who actually consulted them before drawing up his letter—admitting in unmistakable language that neither the medical officers of his Government nor the private practitioners of the colony, have yet succeeded in advising an anxious public what they shall do to make their houses and their persons safe from the dreadful scourge. Under such circumstances His Excellency has done nothing and everything, and in advising anything and everything, he has been doing nothing. Still, they boil their rice in such a manner as to make it unwholesome, and thus poison the poor body, as something undoubtedly must, to cause the fearful vomiting and purging in the first stages of the disease. It is easy to understand that nothing can be so unsafe in connection with cholera as impure water, and yet it is certainly perplexing when we are reminded that the Chinese, who have been the greatest sufferers, never drink water until it has been boiled. Still, they boil their rice in a deadly poison, every atom of food when subjected to the chemical processes of digestion. The free supply of medicines recommended by the Governor, and his intimation that the supply should be rendered more generally available, will commend itself to the minds of all who may be apprehensive of a sudden attack—indeed to the whole community, whether they are apprehensive of this disease, which is nature's subtlest and most insidious assassin, or not. There appears to be no reason to suppose that such assistance, what that medicine is composed of we know not, and don't want to know particularly, as long as it is effective, but we cannot help remembering that when cholera was so bad in France and Italy in '83, a certain Doctor Rubino was said to have cured 293 patients out of 300, by a mixture of spirits of wine and camphor, the composition of which we give in another column.

Measures to enforce cleanliness, and particularly in the case of the Chinese, are assuredly of the highest importance, but whether cholera springs from an insanitary condition of a house, from the impurity of air in a living-room, or from an unwholesome state of the body and stomach, caused by impure food, seems to be a moot point with the best medical men who have made a study of the subject. It appears to be certain that this epidemic is always more prevalent amongst crowded populations, than in sparsely inhabited districts, and that summer heats invariably bring with them the germs of the disease. These two facts should assuredly pave the way for medical science to get at, and to conquer, one of the most terrible scourges which has ever assailed and killed, with excruciating tortures, suffering humanity. India, during the hot season, is a hot-bed of cholera, and has been for many generations, but whether it was known there before the advent of the Portuguese and British invaders we are not versed well enough in its history to say. It is supposed to have been created on the banks of the River Ganges, and by the decomposition of putrid human corpses which the religion of the Indians compelled them to leave stranded on the shores. It has further been alleged that the city of Calcutta which, thirty years ago, was always a great centre of cholera, in the summer time, was very much improved by a strict and most drastic flushing out of sewers—all open gutters—and a radical change made in the internal condition of all dwelling houses; and such a beneficial effect did these changes have, that cholera was previously during the cholera epidemics, which came as regularly as the south-west monsoon, when citizens used to rush away to the country to avoid the pest, it was afterwards customary to hurry from the country and to take refuge in the city, so healthy had improved sanitation made it. In crowded districts, however, in the heat of summer, cholera appears to thrive best in all countries, and even in the pure atmosphere of the sea as well as on the land. Ships crowded with passengers, hundreds of times more so than the densest Oriental city, pass through the torrid zone with impunity from cholera, if sailing from European ports; but the cool ships which used to leave Bengal during the cholera season were frequently attacked by the disease, which committed most serious havoc with the passengers, and ravages, sometimes, amongst the European crews. This happened although the greatest care had been taken by the emigration officers to have the ships taken to sea with the most perfect ventilation, and that the coolies themselves were perfectly healthy before embarking. That cholera is contagious under certain conditions there appears to be no doubt, and that the seeds of the disease must have been taken on board such vessels, appears equally certain. In passenger ships where these safeguards were observed, and where the coolies were made to take exercise on the decks, twice daily, cholera often found a fruitful field, and thus it would appear that the poison germs were floating in the air—that they had fructified in an atmosphere, which, however well ventilated, was not sufficiently so to keep the germs from spreading and increasing. Atoms of impurity, it is known, increase in enormous numbers according to the crowded condition of populations. Not long ago some very interesting experiments were conducted in this direction, in railway carriages, which were partially or entirely crowded with human beings, and most robust men have been attacked by cholera, by lowering the tone of the system for scientific or other purposes, while in Hongkong only a few days ago, some of the crew of H.M.S. *Impetuous* brought on the disease—that is to say vomiting and purging, which caused death from exhaustion—by going ashore, drinking liquor of doubtful quality, and then sleeping on the streets. This has occurred in India in hundreds of cases, and this species of cholera has been possibly more often brought on by the drunken sailor sleeping on a damp road, and taking cold in the intestines, than by anything he swallowed, for few things bring on bowel complaints more readily than exposure of the body to the damp and chilly atmosphere of tropical or semi-tropical countries.

HAIPHONG.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

Haiphong, July 10th, 1888. A grand charity fête was held here last Sunday evening on the grounds of the Residency and was largely patronised by Mr. Richard, the new Resident general postponing his departure for Hanoi, to be present. The various wheels of fortune were kept running until the stalls were cleared and the business done; the Monte Carlo Roulette table went on till the small hours with ever increasing profits to the bank. A "Bal Champêtre" was inaugurated after midnight, and dancing kept up till an early hour in the morning.

The keel of a stern wheel steamer for the higher reaches of the river has been laid at the Atelier of Messrs. Marty and d'Abbadie of the Correspondances Fluviales. This enterprising company have had the electric search light fitted on the *Tigre* (one of the steamers built by the Hongkong Dock Company), as an experiment. It has been found very successful, the *Tigre* being able to make her passage on the darkest nights in the difficult channel close to the town of Haiphong. The incandescent lights in the saloons and cabins are also much appreciated by passengers. The workshops of the company are being extended and a fine building erected on the river frontage for their offices and for the accommodation of their engineer.

The Commissariat staff are about to take possession of the offices and godowns prepared for them by the "Compagnie des docks" but the landing stages are not yet complete, difficulty being found in getting good foundations. Thomas Ide Bowler, Geologist &c. &c. &c. is amongst us; he arrived by the *Danube* on his way to the mines. He entrusted his previous person in one of our Anamite sampans, carefully changing ten cents into copper before he left the ship in case he should fall being down, either in the water or on the shore. He does not speak fluently the French language; so seeing a sign well known in Queen's Road, Hongkong, over a local store, he made for it to inquire where the friend to whom his "boss" had directed him to apply for snuff quarters. He was disappointed, however, in his researches, for not even the China boy could understand his grumblings and gesticulations, and he so frightened the French assistant by raising *Crayon* down and demolishing the new arrival had to beat a hasty retreat with no very pleasant anathemas sounding in his ears. Issuing on the square after this adventure he met the veteran Capt. George Vivanco, and probably taking him also for an unsophisticated native, rushed at him, neck out of sight, shoulders and arms up, shouting *Crayon, Crayon, Crayon*, culminating in a yell of despair. "I wish you'd hold your jaw and say what you want," was the reply. "Ah, I said Thomas, you speak the language I understand, the language which I write my report on my report on my report; of course you read it, did you not? but you don't know me! let me give you my card; I am Thomas Ide Bowler, Geologist, mineralogist, Scientific Chemist and Analyst and I've come to report on the mines, but you must have heard of me before." "Oh, yes," said George with a grin on his dusky countenance, "it was you who had the *Telegraph* up for libel in Hongkong last year." The Scientific gentleman must have found his friend for he has not been seen in the street since. He may, however, have fallen on a team of bituminous carbon amongst our authentic and don't like to publish it—just yet. We wait for the new report.

A BERSFORD PICNIC.

On Saturday, June 9th, what it seems is now called the navy "A Bersford Picnic" took place at Portsmouth. About a hundred members of Parliament, with several other guests, on the invitation of Lord Charles Bersford, visited the naval dockyards and afterwards witnessed a series of torpedo experiments at Portsmouth Creek and Spithead. The Speaker of the House of Commons, who had signified his intention of accompanying the party, was prevented at the last moment from doing so on account of the state of his health. Amongst those present were Lord Hartington, the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, Lord Brassey, Baron De Worms, Mr. Sturt Wortley, Mr. Hayes Fisher, Mr. James O'Kelly, Colonel Nelson, Mr. Pictou, and a number of well-known naval and military members of the House. The company, on reaching the dock-yard, were divided into groups of from ten to fifteen persons, each of which was "personally conducted" during the day by naval officers, who had kindly volunteered their services as guides and instructors to the visitors. Nelson's *Victory* which is still docked for repairs, all garlanded for the occasion, was inspected by the members of Parliament, who evinced great interest in the historic craft. They also seized the opportunity of presenting Lord Charles with a walking-stick and paper-knife made from the timbers of the famous "wooden wall." Subsequently the party went aboard a number of the modern cruisers and ironclads, and from the decks had pointed out to them a great many more vessels both in process of building and completed. *The Galatea* and other cruisers were seen to be without their guns, and the ironclad *Infatigable* was turned out and railed were stated to be "very much in need of a fleet of ironclads, chiefly of the *Admiral* class, were seen to be without serviceable modern guns, whilst some of them had none at all. The *Callagwood* has not yet had her four defective 43-ton guns replaced, and has been waiting for a year in dock for them. A visit to the *Hous* revealed the fact that she has at last got one of the four 67-ton guns on board with which she is to be equipped. Indeed, it was made apparent that the completion of many fine ships was being delayed because there were no guns wherewith to arm them if they were pushed forward. When the round of the dockyard had been made the company adjourned to the college or schools, where luncheon was served, Admiral Sir G. Willes, Rear-Admiral Hopkins, and other naval officials at Portsmouth, being present. Lord Charles Bersford having given the toast of "The Queen," Lord Hartington rose and proposed the health of Lord Charles Bersford, saying he did not know whether the visit would make their criticism of naval matters more intelligent. He hoped it would do so, however, and at any rate they could all see the room for difference of opinion in naval matters, and, though they might not be reconciled to our enormous naval expenditure, they would be able to form a better idea of how the money was spent.

Lord Charles Bersford said he was glad to see members of the House of Commons there, and he trusted they would ask questions and get them answered. The real national defence was the British navy. To Admiral Willes and the officers under him they were greatly indebted for the information they had given, and he proposed to thank them in the name of the members of Parliament present. (Cheers.)

Admiral Willes said that they had got to recognise the visits from London of the legislators as a regular thing, and they were called in the navy "Bersford Picnics." (Cheers and laughter.) Continuing the gallant Admiral

said: I am sure after all the scares you must find yourself well satisfied by the successful results of the British naval officers. (Laughter.) Well, we need not fear General Boulanger, at present anyhow, and in three or four years we will perhaps get our guns for our ships. Then, if you will kindly vote us the Naval Estimates, plus the £50,000 taken off last year, I believe that in a few years we shall have as creditable and as powerful a navy as you can expect the British taxpayer to pay for. (Cheers.)

The party then embarked on two tugs and two steam yachts, and proceeded to Portsmouth Creek, where submarine mines and counter-mining experiments were conducted. An invading fleet of gunboats and torpedo boats, attempting to log up the harbour, was opposed by an inferior force of gunboats, which sought protection behind a boom hastily constructed, as well as a number of floating and ground mines. The hostile fleets opened fire, and under cover of the guns the electric launches advanced to lay a charge of gun-cotton against the boom. Other small craft of the attacking force dragged for the defence, several of which they destroyed, charged, the explosions being marked by violent shocks, and the upheaval of huge water-spouts to a height of over a hundred feet in the air. Then the wires connecting the charges laid against the boom were touched, and instantly a long wave of churned water, topped by big splashes of timber, rose to an immense height, showing the barrier was utterly smashed, whilst for the space of a minute pieces of timber dropped and the water seethed and rushed about as though the old creek had been turned out into a Maindram. The attack then laid a long row of counter-mines, which were automatically "paid out" of a big barge, as fishermen do their nets, and these mines were shown to be electrically connected by a rocket, which was set off from the farthest sunken torpedo. A way having thus been cleared, the last remains of the boom were blown away by two spar torpedo boats, and a "fair way" was reported to be ready for the destruction or capture of the vessels which had sought refuge in the upper part of the creek. The next part of the manoeuvre included a trip to the beach, when a torpedo attack on the ironclad *Hera* took place. No ironclad, unless her propelling or steering gear were disabled, could in real warfare have been assailed in broad daylight by the naval waters under the conditions of Saturday. The *Hera* was at anchor, and had all her torpedo netting hanging around from her spars. At a given signal down upon the *Hera* came, steaming bow on, and coming one after another, three first-class torpedo boats with their torpedoes fixed in readiness. At 1,200 yards the *Hera* opened a terrific, continuous fire on the advancing torpedo boats. Straight ahead, at express speed, the washcraft dashed, striking through the rolling green waves, which broke and rushed over their bows in cascades. Musket fire was added to cannon, but the torpedo boats sailed along. Two hundred yards from the *Hera* they turned to the right, showing their broadsides, and at the same instant successively discharged their Whitehead torpedoes, striking the big ship, and the torpedoes were, of course, without their parabolic charges, but that they succeeded in reaching the *Hera* was shown by the flame of their solid shot in the water alongside the netting. Three second-class torpedo boats, also pursuing the same tactics and following close behind the others, were equally successful in hitting the ship. Afterwards similar attacks were made with the same results from ahead and abeam by the torpedo boats, the day's manoeuvres being completed by the advance of spar torpedo boats, which exploded their blank charges against the sides of the ironclad.—*London Telegraph*.

CHINA COAST METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER.

13th July, 1888.—At 4 p.m.									
Bar.	Therm.	Humid.	Wind.	Dir.	Force.	Weather.	Sea.	Vis.	Remarks.
29.82	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.80	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.78	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.76	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.74	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.72	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.70	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.68	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.66	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.64	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	

14th July, 1888.—At 10 a.m.									
Bar.	Therm.	Humid.	Wind.	Dir.	Force.	Weather.	Sea.	Vis.	Remarks.
29.82	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.80	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.78	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.76	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.74	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.72	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.70	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.68	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.66	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.64	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	

The typhoon is moving slowly west-northwards but continues to be in the hands of the weather. The centre appears to be situated about 100 miles off the coast. The weather may be expected to be in the hands of the weather.

HONGKONG TEMPERATURE.

Bar.	Therm.	Humid.	Wind.	Dir.	Force.	Weather.	Sea.	Vis.	Remarks.
29.82	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.80	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.78	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.76	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.74	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.72	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.70	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.68	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.66	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	
29.64	84	74	W	3	1	b	1	10	

Today's Advertisements.

HONGKONG, CANTON AND MACAO STEAMBOAT COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

THE FORTY-FOURTH ORDINARY HALF-YEARLY MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS in the Company will be held at the Office of the Company, No. 7, Queen's Road Central, on FRIDAY, the 3rd August, at 12 O'CLOCK NOON, for the purpose of receiving a Report of the Directors together with a Statement of Accounts, declaring a Dividend, and Electing Directors and Auditors. The TRANSFER BOOKS of the Company will be CLOSED from 21st instant till 3rd August, inclusive. By Order of the Board of Directors, T. ARNOLD, Secretary.

Hongkong 14th July, 1888.

Today's Advertisements.

WOODYEAR'S ROYAL AUSTRALIAN CIRCUS.

THIS EVENING, the 14th July, 1888.

ANOTHER CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

MORE NEW NOVELTIES.

FIRST TIME OF MADAME DENNY, THE TWO OTHELLOS.

SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

COMIC EQUESTRIAN SCENE.

PETE JENKINS.

TO-NIGHT!

TO-NIGHT!!!

TO-NIGHT!!!

PRICES OF ADMISSION:—

Private Boxes of Six Chairs.....\$12.00

Single Chairs in Boxes.....2.00

Dress Circle (Chairs).....1.50

Stalls (Carpeted Seats).....50

Children under 12 years of age and Naval and Military in Uniform Half-price to all parts except to 1st.

N.B.—No Europeans will be admitted to the Pit.

Boxes and Seats can be reserved at Messrs. KELLY & WALSH'S, LD.

Hongkong, 14th July, 1888.

ROBT. LOVE, General Agent.

HONGKONG, No. 1165.

PERSEVERANCE LODGE OF

HONGKONG, No. 1165.

AN EMERGENCY MEETING of the above LODGE will be held in FREEMASONS' HALL, Zealand Street, THIS EVENING, the 14th instant, at 8.30 for 9 O'CLOCK precisely.

Hongkong, 14th July, 1888.

NAVIGAZIONE GENERALE ITALIANA (FLORIO AND RUBATTINO UNITED COMPANIES).

STEAM FOR SINGAPORE, PENANG AND BOMBAY.

having connection with Company's Mail Steamers to ADEN, SUEZ, PORT SAID, MESSINA, NAPLES (LEGHORN) AND GENOA; ALL MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC, LIGURIAN, AND SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS up to CALLATA. Taking Cargo at through rates to PERSIAN GULF and BAGDAD.

THE Company's Steamship

"BISAGNO."

Captain Tognasso, will be despatched as above on THURSDAY, the 19th inst., at 10 A.M.

At Bombay the Steamers are discharging in Prince's Dock.

For further particulars regarding Freight and Passage apply to CARLOWITZ & Co., Agents.

Hongkong, 14th July, 1888.

Amusements.

THEATRE ROYAL

CITY HALL, HONGKONG.

MONDAY NEXT, JULY 16TH, 1888.

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL COMEDY AND OPERA COMPANY.

Directors: Mr. PEMBERTON W. WILLARD, Mr. JOHN F. SHERIDAN.

Will make their first appearance as above in ALFRED, CHILLERS SUCCESSFUL COMIC OPERA "D O R O T H Y."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Geoffrey Wilder.....Mr. CHARLES FISHER.

Harry Sherwood.....H. M. IMANO.

Squire Bantam.....C. SUTCH.

John Tuppi.....H. HASSAN.

Tom Strutt.....WHIFFEN CRIPPS.

And

Lurcher.....JOHN F. SHERIDAN.

Dorothy Bantam.....Miss MAUDE HANE.

Lydia Hawthorne.....FLO MORRISON.

Phyllis.....WACE WHITEFORD.

Lady Phyllis.....VERA PATEY.

Mrs. Priyett.....EVELINE ARLINE.

Act. I.—HOP GARDENS.

Act. II.—CHANTICLEER HALL.

Act. III.—THE ROUND COPPICE.

Conductor.....Mr. S. A. ROBERTSON.

To Season Ticket Holders.

Subscription Nights—Monday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Directorate Guarantee twelve distinct productions and no REPEAT on any Subscription Night.

Season Ticket for the series, \$24.

MONDAY & WEDNESDAY, July 16th & 18th.

—DOROTHY.

THURSDAY, July 19th—MARITANA.

SATURDAY, July 21st Farical Comedy

"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

Prices \$2, \$1, and \$1.

Plan at Messrs. KELLY & WALSH'S, LD.

Plan for general booking open on Saturday.

The Plan will be open for the first night's performance to Non-subscribers on Saturday morning.

All communications to PEMBERTON W. WILLARD, Hongkong Hotel.

Panel Portraits of the Company by the Celebrated Van der Weyde on view at Messrs. KELLY & WALSH'S, Hongkong Hotel, &c.

The Peak Tramway Company will run a special at 12 O'clock, on the nights of Performance of the Opera Company.

Hongkong, 14th July, 1888.

[605]

Masonic.

PERSEVERANCE LODGE OF HONGKONG, No. 1165.

A REGULAR MEETING of the above LODGE will be held in FREEMASONS' HALL, Zealand Street, on MONDAY, the 16th instant, at 8.30 for 9 P.M. precisely.

Hongkong, 9th July, 1888.

Consignees.

"SHIRE" LINE OF STEAMERS.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

STEAMSHIP "CARMARTHENSHIRE," FROM HAMBURG, ANTWERP, LONDON, PENANG, AND SINGAPORE.

CONSIGNEES of Cargo are hereby informed that all goods are being landed at their risk into the Godowns of the Kowloon Wharf and Godown Company, at Kowloon, whence and/or from the wharves delivery may be obtained.

Optional cargo will be forwarded unless notice to the contrary be given before 4 P.M. TO-DAY.

No Claims will be admitted after the Goods have left the Godowns, and all Goods remaining undelivered after the 16th instant, will be subject to rent.

